

To Miss Richgirl.

Her face is like a flower to me,
(For it betokens "dough.")
A volume in her eyes I see,
(The bankbook kind, you know.)

My love is founded on a rock.
On hers, to be exact.)
I much revere her famous stock,
(Above par, for a fact.)

To make the lovely maiden mine,
(I gold mine, too, I reckon.)
I'm waiting only for a sign—
'Her father's, on a check.)

Inquisitive.

SADIE—Jack is just grand to me.
He sends me flowers every day.

GEORGE (jealously)—Yes, he is
living with his uncle now.

SADIE—What has that got to do
with it?

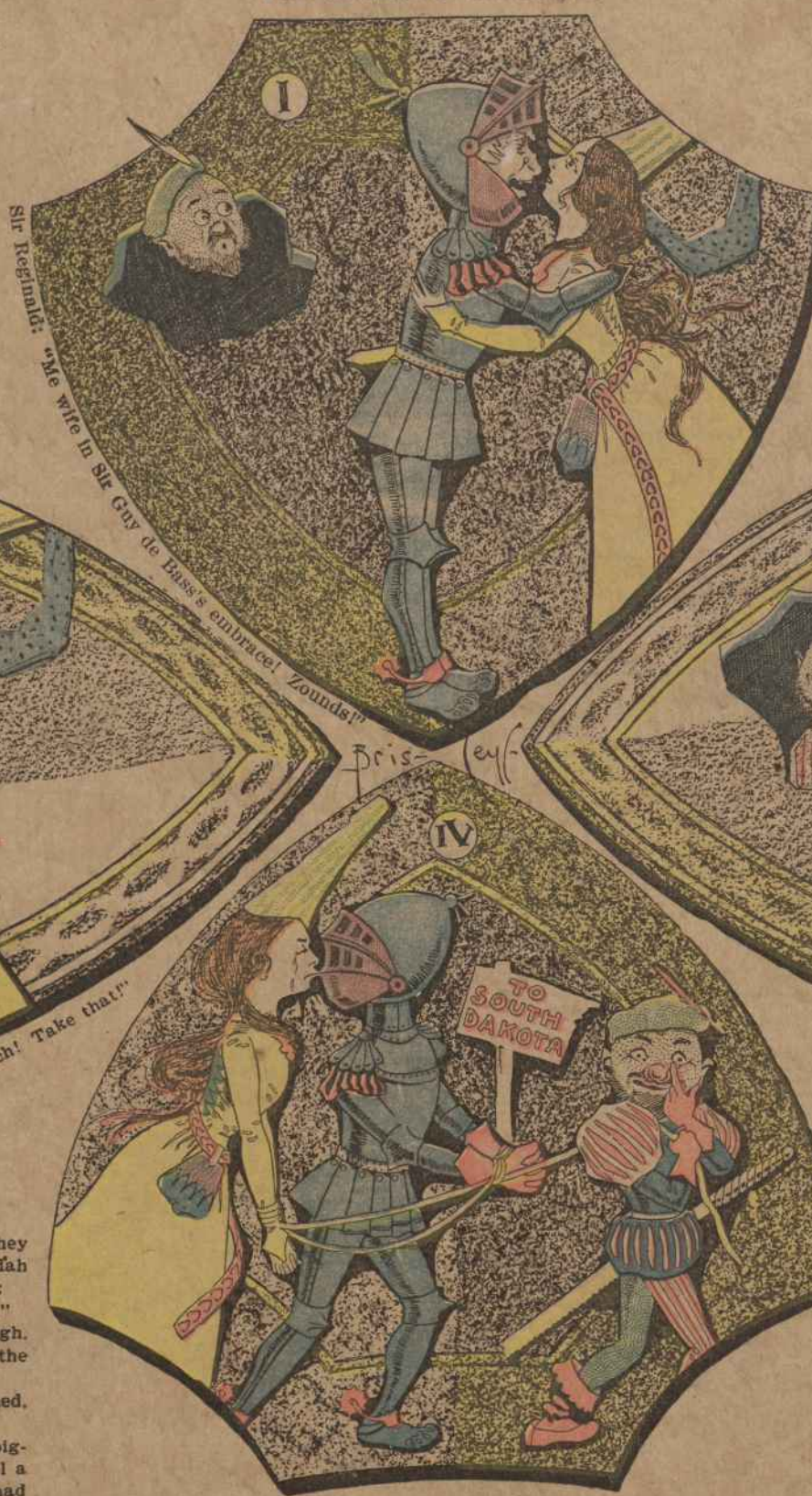
GEORGE—Well, his uncle has
charge of a cemetery.

Then Neither Made Up.

MISS ROSY—My mind isn't made
up yet.

MISS SPEY—It's more than you
can say for your face.

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND.



A Sure Test

WILLIE—Say, pop, that new boy
next door knows I can lick him.
PAPA—Did he say so?
WILLIE—Nope, but I offered him
a bite of my apple and he only
took a little bite.

Didn't Need to See Them.

MAMMA—Johnny, have you seen
papa's slippers to-day?
JOHNNY (who has had an inter-
view with his father)—I felt 'em
this morning, ma'am

A Rhymers Lament.

I thought I was a poet,
But I'm oppressed with doubt;
The words, 'tis clear, men want to hear
Are those that I leave out.

Some other fellow's sure to hit
The nail upon the head.
Oh, if he would but wait a bit—
But when 'tis said, 'tis said!

And so I scan with grief intense
Each rhyme the new months bring.
And wish I'd only had the sense
To write that very thing!

A Slight Hitch.

"Gentlemen," said the Mayor of Tornadoville,
as he mounted the platform and addressed the ex-
pectant crowd. "I am rekwested to announce that
one of ther deputies hev keerlessly mislaid ther
rope, an' thet this yere hangin' 'il hev ter be post-
poned fur half an hour while ther Sheriff air
roundin' up ther missin' article. Meanwhile I will
rekwest ther auience ter keep quiet an' not buck
around nor git gay by shootin' holes in ther pris-
ner's hat.

"In order, however, thet no injivious compari-
sons may be drawn between this yere hangin' an'
ther one in Cyclone City last week, an' in order
thet this yere auience may not git impatient
while ther Sheriff is arter thet thar rope, ther
Tornadoville Brass Band, in er spirit o' propri-
ety an' appropriateness ter ther occasion, will ren-
der ther 'Lost Chord.'"

Warming Up.

There had been a quarrel, and they
sat rather far apart on the verandah
without speaking. At last he said:

"You are rather cold toward me."

"I?" she queried, with a little laugh.

"It is more likely the change in the
weather you are feeling."

"Don't jest with me," he returned,
speaking very earnestly.

"I'm not joking," she said with big-
eyed ingenuousness. "I really feel a
little chilly myself. I wish I had
something around me."

"As he moved his chair close to hers she realized
that the quarrel was over, and as he put some-
thing around her the moon very considerably hid
behind a cloud to give them a chance to make
it up.

Our National Hymn.

"Tis the Star-spangled banner, oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Rebuked.

The young girl gazed vacantly at
her mother standing before her.
Her lips moved, but no words es-
caped them.

What her thoughts were at the
moment it was impossible to con-
jecture.

The elder woman stood there look-
ing at her daughter with an ex-
pression of deep displeasure.

Still the pale faced girl stared
straight before her with lips mov-
ing incessantly and mouth working
almost rhythmically. But never a
word.

The mother could stand it no longer. "Mary,"
she burst out vehemently, "I sh'd think you'd be
ashamed ter sit there all day chewin' gum like
that!"

It certainly did work on the nerves.

Lots of Them.

With a weary air the obviously enfeebled man
sank into a seat in the car and sighed with relief
when the train started.

On its arrival in the city he had a cab sum-
moned for him, and gave a well-known hospital
as his destination, and as soon as he was taken
care of by the physicians and staff and laid on a
cot he fainted dead away.

The new nurse bent over him sympathetically.

"Overcome by the heat?" she asked the doctor.

"No," he replied, "just plain paresis."

"Poor man," murmured the kind-hearted wo-
man. "I wonder what has brought him to such
a pass."

"Oh," said the medical bigwig, "this is a very
common case, very. We have hundreds of them
in the Summer, and you will soon get familiar
with them. This paresis is the result of the pa-
tient seeking rest and recreation at the modern
Summer resort."

THE YELLOW KID MAKES A CENTURY RECORD.

